

Chapter 34

Nicole slowly opened her eyes, feeling disoriented and confused. The last thing she remembered was running through the forest because she needed space, but now she found herself in a dark, unfamiliar room.

As she tried to sit up, she realized that her hands were tied behind her back and her ankles were bound together.

Suddenly, the door burst open and a man walked in. Nicole recognized him immediately— It was Shane. Her heart began pounding in her chest. Fear crawled up her spine and she found it difficult to breathe.

No! No! How? How was she back there?

She tried to fight against her restraints and untangle herself, but it was no use.

"Well, well, well," Shane said, smirking at her. "Look who's back in Crimson. I've been waiting for this moment, Nicole. I knew you couldn't resist coming back to me."

Nicole trembled as Shane's minions surrounded her, their eyes filled with malice and cruelty. She knew what was coming next - the torture, the taunts, the endless cycle of pain and despair.

"You can never escape from me, Nicole," Shane continued, his voice low and menacing. "I own you; your mind, your body, your soul. You will never be free from my clutches."

"Do you know what you've done? Do you think Liam would stand for it?" She screamed,

"Aww, you're on a first-name basis with him now, slut..." He growled, grabbing her by her hair.

"You're giving it to him the way you gave it to me back then, huh? Sluttish bitch!"

He smacked her, his eyes burning with anger and rage.

Nicole gritted her teeth, refusing to give Shane the satisfaction of seeing her break down. "You can do whatever you want to me," she said, her voice shaking with rage. "But you will never break me. I will never give up, no matter what you do."

Shane laughed, his eyes glittering with amusement.

"We'll see about that, won't we?" he said, nodding to his minions. "Bring her to the torture chamber."

She felt a wave of despair wash over her as she was dragged to the chamber, the sound of Shane's mocking laughter ringing in her ears. The first hit knocked Nicole into unconsciousness.

Nicole woke up to darkness and dampness. She was lying on a cold stone floor, her body aching and sore from the beating she had received. As she tried to move, she felt the sharp pain from her bruises and cuts, causing her to whimper in agony. Suddenly, she heard footsteps approaching, and she immediately knew that Shane and her tormentors were coming for her once again. The sound of the heavy door opening made her heart race and she braced herself for the pain to come. Shane and his minions entered the dungeon, their eyes gleaming with malice and cruelty. Nicole tried to muster up some courage, but the sight of them made her tremble with fear.

"Nicole, Nicole" Shane said, smirking at her. "I wonder what type of treatment you're receiving because you've suddenly gone soft. How's it that just one hit knocked you out, Nicole? He's pampering you as his slut, right? You wormed your way into his bed, didn't you?"

"Go to hell," Nicole spat.

Shane laughed, his eyes glittering with amusement.

"Oh, I think you need to find out that you're already there," he said, nodding to his minions. "Get her up."

Two of Shane's minions roughly pulled Nicole to her feet, causing her to cry out in pain. She

could feel the bruises and cuts on her body throbbing, and she knew that she was in for another round of torture.

Shane approached her, holding a silver whip in his hand. "I think you need a reminder of who's in charge here," he said, his voice low and menacing.

"You remember your old friend, don't you? He missed you. Did you miss us, Nicole?"

The females around him cackled, and Nicole noticed that most of them had changed. It wasn't the same faces. She wasn't surprised, Shane used females like tissues, and tossed them away after. He cracked the whip and Nicole felt the searing pain of the silver against her skin. She screamed as the whip hit her again and again, the silver burning into her flesh.

Because she hadn't been under any kind of torture for a long time, her body was tender and her flesh easily tore open as he flogged her repeatedly. Pain overwhelmed her neurons, she couldn't withstand the agony of the silver whips. Her body convulsed with each blow, tears streaming down her face.

But even as he flogged her, she knew what she feared most of all. And it was the fear that she would never escape, that she would be trapped in this dungeon forever.

The fear that Liam would never come for her, that Shane would eventually break her and she would lose herself completely as she had once done when she was with him.

Her fear and pain grew until she felt like she would explode. Her wolf whimpered within her as it tried to ease her pain. Nicole screamed as she felt herself slipping away.

The whipping suddenly stopped and Shane grabbed her by her throat.

"Missed me?" He taunted, "I missed you, you know?" He sniffed her blood-matted hair, then her skin.

"You looked so good, it reminded me of the times we had together. Did you think I would ever forget you? You did a disrespectful thing by leaving me, Luna,"

A shiver of disgust crawled down Nicole's spine and her eyes shot open. She had been wrong when she said that her worst fear was Liam not saving her. Her worst fear was being touched by Shane.

She trembled in revulsion. She could take his torture, she could take the insults, but she never wanted Shane to touch her again. Sensing her fear, he gripped her face harder and licked it.

She gritted her teeth and whispered to herself, "I will survive this. I am strong. I will never give

up. I have to survive."

Her mind was flooded with their time together, the chains he used on her, and his assaults both mentally and physically.

Nicole's mind wandered back to how he had treated her like a possession to be used and abused at his will.

He starved her for days, denying her food and water until she was weak and barely conscious. He had commanded her to do his bidding, forcing her to carry out his every whim, no matter how degrading or painful it was.

Alpha Shane had a sadistic streak that ran deep and he took great pleasure in inflicting pain on those around him. He would use whips, knives, and other implements to hurt Nicole, relishing her cries of agony.

Nicole remembered the times when she had begged him to stop when she had pleaded with him to show her mercy. But he had never listened. He had always been cold, cruel, and unyielding; determined to break her spirit and make her submit to him completely.

She refused to grant her sexual memories access to her mind. They tormented her night after night. Shane had used her till exhaustion.

Despite all of this, Nicole still loved him. She believed he was her mate, so she accepted whatever

hell he brought. She had believed that there was a good man somewhere deep inside him, that he was simply lost and in need of someone to guide him back to the light.

But as time went on, she realized that this was a lie. Alpha Shane was a monster, through and through, and nothing she could do would ever change that. But then, she couldn't stop her loyalty and what she thought was love for him, because he was her mate.

Shane laughed maniacally, "You missed me, didn't you? I know that bastard doesn't understand your kinks. He doesn't know you the way I do. How bad do you want it? You missed me, baby?"

Nicole trembled, biting her lips until she drew blood. Luckily, Shane let go of her and then smacked her again. He continued hitting her until his Beta came in with news about the pack.

As Nicole lay in the dungeon of Crimson, Nicole felt a sense of anger and betrayal wash over her.

She had truly given everything to Alpha Shane, she blindly trusted that he was the one for her.

Only to be treated like a piece of trash. She had trusted him, loved him and he had repaid her with pain and suffering.

Grunting in pain, she forced the memories of her time with Alpha Shane to fade away. She closed her eyes and breathed deeply, but the pain was too much. So much, so that she began screaming. She lay on the cold stone floor, her body aching and sore from the flogging and punching she had received. Her wolf was nowhere to be found. Nicole realized bitterly that she had been given a Wolf bane to weaken her wolf essence, making the torture even more excruciating.

Her body was on fire and she could barely move from the pain. She had never experienced such agony before and she couldn't understand why Shane hated her so much or why Shane had captured her again.

She was barely conscious now and hardly heard the door to the dungeon creak open. Nicole tensed up, tears spilt down her eyes. She already knew what was coming— another round of torture. Yet this time, it wasn't Shane and his females who entered the room. It was a woman she had never seen before.

The red-haired woman walked over to Nicole and stared down at her with green, cold, calculating eyes. "I'm the new Luna of Crimson," she said. "And I want you dead."

Nicole's heart sank. Why? She asked herself. If Shane had gotten a new Luna, why was he still

bent on destroying her?

The Luna grabbed Nicole by the hair and dragged her out of the dungeon. She dragged her through the forest, her grip was tight and unforgiving. Nicole tried to fight back, but her weakened

state made it impossible.

When they finally reached their destination, Nicole saw Alpha Shane waiting for them. His eyes gleamed with sadistic pleasure as he looked at her. "You're still alive. How wonderful. I guess we'll have to do something about that, won't we?"

A cold shiver ran down her spine. Couldn't Shane forget her? Didn't he have other victims and other things to do? Why was he so fixated on her? After all these times, she had hoped that Shane had forgotten about her. But it seemed that he was still fixated on her, still determined to break her.

"Stupid bitch, how are you still conscious?" He raged. Smacking her again, again and again.

The Luna joined in, and together they inflicted terrible pain on Nicole. She screamed and begged for mercy, but they didn't stop. They laughed and taunted her, telling her that she was weak and worthless.

Nicole's body was wracked with pain. As the torture continued, Nicole's hatred for Crimson grew

stronger. She longed to go back to Dark Moon and Alpha Liam, where at least she had some sense of safety and protection.

Why hadn't Liam come for her?

Eventually, Nicole's body could take no more. She passed out, her mind and body finally giving in.

When she woke up, she was back in the dungeon, her body covered in bruises and cuts. She felt a sense of despair wash over her. How much longer could she survive in Crimson? How much more torture could she endure?

[Previous](#)

[Next](#)Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter 35

Chapter 35

Liam was consumed by worry and fear as he frantically searched the forests and his surrounding territory for any sign of Nicole. He had changed back into his human form when he was far enough from everyone to keep himself from losing his mind.

What if she ran away? Someone said through the pack link.

He could feel some stakeholders buying the idea that she escaped because she couldn't deal with

the pressure of being a witch bane. Witch banes were known to be lone wolves and couldn't stay with packs.

Most werewolves believed that they were selfish. None of them knew that he had marked her yet. It was why they couldn't understand his urge to find her.

Because, in the past, he did everything to get back a single pack member who went missing, he suspected that they thought that it was the usual. They didn't know that it was much worse than that.

Something was wrong with Nicole. He could feel that she was in danger and that her disappearance wasn't ordinary, but he had no idea where to start looking.

The scouts had combed through the forest and left no stone unturned. So what was he looking for?

At the back of his mind, he also knew that the concerns of the panel were valid. His being distracted with searching for Nicole was the perfect opportunity to attack.

He knew he should listen, but how the hell was he supposed to sit down while she was missing?

His heart ached with pain as he thought about what could have happened to her. The thought of her being hurt or captured by someone filled him with an overwhelming sense of helplessness. He

couldn't bear the thought of losing her.

Maybe they were here to build the bond needed, but he was certain that he would never remain the same if something bad happened to her.

The worst part was that he was shocked that she was taken because of him. Guilt began to gnaw at him. If he had let her be, if he had left her or sent her away, she wouldn't have been discovered.

The more he thought about it, the more he believed that there was a mole in the Dark Moon.

The Dark Moon pack members were not stupid.

They must have seen the way he was around her and concluded that she was one of his many women, at least his current favorite, and coupled with

the fact that she had suddenly become the most powerful wolf after him in the pack, they may have ratted her out or decided to get rid of her.

Liam's heart pounded so much that it hurt. He had been searching for at least an hour without a trace, and his wolf was beginning to get restless again. The fear of losing her had gripped him like a vice, making it hard for him to think clearly. Every moment that passed without finding her only added to his anxiety and despair.

Images of the last time he saw her flooded his mind.

She had been so hurt by Lilian, and it was clear that she was trying her best to be strong.

Liam regretted everything. He shouldn't have let her out of his sight. He promised to protect her, to keep her safe from harm. But now he felt like he had failed her. What if he was too late?

As he searched, his mind raced with all the worst-case scenarios. What if she had been captured by the witch? What if she was being tortured right now, alone and afraid? The thought of her suffering filled him with a deep sense of helplessness and rage.

He knew that he had to keep his wits about him, to stay focused and alert, for her and Dark Moon.

His state of mind was affecting the pack. He could sense their worries about him seeping into the pack bond. James and Garrett continued to reach out to him, but he refused to respond.

He couldn't deal with the 'I told you' so' speeches they were going to have. He had been trying to push Nicole away and was lying to himself. Now it was clear as day that he liked her so much, and it wasn't about the bond anymore.

His confrontation with Lilian flashed into his mind. Something about her reaction had seemed off.

His wolf also believed that she had something to do with it. The way Lilian had reacted when he had confronted her reminded him of their memories as kids.

Lilian could never hide her dislike for someone, and she seemed defensive and evasive when questioned. It was as if she was hiding something, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

Suddenly, Liam's senses heightened, and he could sense danger around him. He froze in one spot and listened to the wind. The forest was eerily quiet. His wolf was restless and even more eager to take control. His senses were on high alert as he prepared for battle. He couldn't shake the feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

An ambush! James's voice pierced through his head. We're under attack. They're not rogues!

Abruptly, Liam spun around and shifted into his wolf form and dashed towards the Dark Moon.

He let out a roar on arrival, but it was almost too late.

The pack was a mess. Chaos erupted as his wolves fought for their lives. The air was saturated with dark magic that slowed even him down.

Black werewolves attacked his pack members and, amidst them, were black-cloaked figures weaving spells. They were outnumbered and outmatched. The witches were too powerful and too skilled in their dark magic. Snarling, he dove at the witch closest to him and thought of their gut.

He was very clumsy, but he managed. He released another ear-splitting roar that cut through the

spells. The hooded figures were shocked by his presence, and that distraction was enough for the warriors to attack them.

Liam continued his attack. Tearing off the throats of his enemies. The attackers soon began scampering into the forest.

"After them!" Liam roared at the scouts. They had to be coming from somewhere, and this was the perfect opportunity to trail them to wherever their camps were.

A few hours after the attack, Liam stared speechless at the aftermath of the devastation left in its wake. The pack hospital and infirmary were filled with injured pack members. Guilt ate him and tore him apart.

The Panel had warned him. They had expressed their doubts. They had told him that it was a trap. And he hadn't listened. How could he? When he felt like the other half of him was in danger.

He was in a state of shock as his eyes surveyed the damage. Garrett was lying on the ground, unconscious and covered in sweat and blood. The tangy scent of blood and grime was in the air, and he hated it. Lola, Garrett's mate, the love of his life, was lying motionless, with her life force ebbing away.

Raw pain clouded his brain. It was as if his heart had been ripped out of his chest. How was he supposed to explain to Garrett when he came to consciousness that he had lost his mate? Garrett wouldn't take it well. No one could.

The loss of a mate was like death itself. It's even made him more afraid for Nicole.

"Liam!" Lillian screeched. She was badly injured, blood pooled out of her body, and she staggered toward him.

"Do you see it now?" She snorted, wobbling as she stood.

Liam felt detached from his environment and was unable to make a response. He was somewhere between guilt and pain. He had failed Dark Moon.

"How many dead?" He asked James, who limped to his side.

"Shouldn't you be coordinating the weak and injured?" James asked Lillian.

"So far, they are two; Lola and an Omega."

Liam growled.

"Are you ignoring me?" Lillian screeched.

Liam took a deep breath, "You're hurt, Lillian. You need rest." He said, then turning to James. He continued, "Talk to me, James, what happened?"

A panel was summoned immediately after, and as Liam had expected, the panel rubbed the recent attack in his face.

"If only you had listened... If you had been here, if only you had given us attention." They grumbled.

Lilian, who was healing up just right, was most annoyed. She continued blaming Nicole, accusing her of being a witch and having some effect on her brother, which made him soft and gullible.

Liam would have responded if he hadn't disassociated from reality.

"I've been silent on this matter." Connor, Darkmoon's Gamma, spoke up for the first time in a while. He was as huge as most men on the panel. His brown hair was slicked back, and unlike most werewolves, he wore his signature suit.

"I've watched you, Liam. From the moment she stepped foot into this place, things have gone awry. I've monitored silently, and I have to agree with Lilian. It's either the Witch Bane is hexed or up to something."

Silence reigned. Connor was not an active member of the pack. He held a position of power as the third in command but was normally silent on most matters. Yet, everyone knew that when he spoke, his words carried weight.

"This is all her fault," he continued. "She has brought danger and destruction to our pack. We should never have allowed her to join us in the first place. I've also come to question your reason

for bringing her back to this place."

Liam clenched his jaw and exchanged a look with James. His frustrations multiplied at Connor's words.

"Lilian," Liam hissed, "Once this meeting is over, pack your bags and return to your pack. You've caused enough chaos in mine. And I will not have you sowing seeds of dislike for the witch bane,"

Lilian's eyes popped open. "You wouldn't dare."

Liam ignored her and faced Connor next. Connor was significantly older than Liam and Garrett.

"I would like to know where you've been monitoring me from when you haven't been around. The last time I checked Connor, you're a Gamma, and the Gamma is normally unavailable in the pack. Did you not just return after the witch attacks increased?"

Connor looked away. The man was in his late fifties and was always away, attending meetings and representing the pack.

"Don't you dare blame Nicole for this," Liam declared, his voice ice cold. "She's not the one who attacked us, and she's definitely not the one who killed the pack members. She's missing and in probable danger.

What we should be more concerned about is our borders. How is it that they're able to sneak in

easily and sneak right out without being seen or noticed? You shouldn't sit here blaming her."

He could hear murmurs.

"It's possible that she set this up," someone said.

Liam's wolf was starting to take over, the overwhelming urge to lash out and seek revenge building up inside him.

Lilian leaned forward, "Liam, this is what we were trying to avoid," she said. "Bringing that Omega here has caused this. How are you sure she didn't connive with -"

Liam's mind was in turmoil. He wasn't listening anymore. He reached out to his bond with Nicole for the umpteenth time, hoping to find something, anything, but what he discovered was even worse than he had feared.

She was in deep trouble, being tortured and hurt, and he couldn't be there to protect her.

The pressure was too much for Liam. He felt guilty and responsible for the chaos that had engulfed his pack. His wolf was about to go feral, his senses sharpening, his muscles tensing. He needed to find Nicole, protect her, and bring her back to safety.

"I need to go," he said, his voice trembling with emotion. "I need to find Nicole and bring her back. And anyone who tries to stop me will regret it." He turned and ran towards the edge of the

forest, his wolf taking over and driving him forward. No one dared to stop him because they knew what havoc he could cause.

Liam didn't know what lay ahead, but he was determined to do whatever it took to save Nicole and restore order to his pack.

[Previous](#)

[Next](#)Mated To The Beastly Alpha

Chapter 36

Chapter 36

Nicole endured the daily torture inflicted upon her by Shane. They flogged her with silver whips, punched her, and hit her until she was bruised and bloody. With each passing day, she felt her wolf essence weakening.

At first, she thought that it was the manhandling that she was getting that made her so weak, but it wasn't. Whenever she woke up, she saw syringes and vials around her.

Curiously, she picked up one and sniffed it; it was Wolfsbane and Wolfsflechte.

They were forcing her to ingest Wolfsbane, a poisonous plant that weakened werewolves and gave them hallucinations and suicidal tendencies. While Wolfsflechte was a lot worse, it didn't

have any effect on the humans, but it did horrible things to the wolf.

Individually, both poisons could kill a werewolf if administered at the right dosage. Together, they were worse. However, she noticed that they were administering small dosages to her.

She could feel its effects taking a toll on her body, making her weaker each day. Despite the pain and suffering, she refused to give up hope. Her wolf, which was her greatest supporter, felt distant and was in greater turmoil.

She dreamt a lot. Each time, she was stumbling through the forest, trying to escape. And as she would stumble through the forest, weakened and in pain, she always felt a faint connection to her alpha, Liam. She would then reach out to him through their bond, hoping that he could sense her. She suddenly would feel a surge of relief as she sensed his presence at the other end, but she also usually felt his fear and desperation, that he might not be able to get her. She feared for her survival and tried again and again as she ran through the forest.

Unfortunately, Shane's new Luna always caught her and returned her to her cell. The dreams are repeated in the same format, each time. Sometimes, the extra twist was that she was being chased

by monsters. She always woke up terrified and sweating.

This time around, Nicole's eyes fluttered open, and for a moment, she couldn't remember where she was. As the fog lifted, she realized she had been moved to a different room. It was unfamiliar, with dingy walls and a small window that let in a sliver of light.

She groaned as she tried to sit up, her muscles stiff and sore from the torture she had endured.

She took in a deep breath, and her nose picked up the scent of something strange. It was unfamiliar, and it made her feel uneasy. Her body was weak, and her mind was numb, but she knew she had to get out of there.

Nicole pushed herself out of bed, her legs feeling like they were made of jelly. She steadied herself against the wall, feeling the coolness of the stones against her fingers. She was grateful that the door wasn't locked, but she knew she had to be careful.

She shuffled down the hallway, trying to keep quiet. She had tried so hard not to get caught, staying silent, tiptoeing around the pack house, and doing everything in her power to avoid Shane and his minions.

Every creak of the floorboards made her heart race. She could hear voices in the distance, and she

turned the other way, trying to avoid detection. Nicole's heartbeat went harder in her chest as she stumbled out of the pack house.

The sun was blinding when she stepped outside, and it felt like needles piercing her skin. She pulled her torn shirt around her body, trying to cover as much skin as she could. Her head was pounding, and she felt sick to her stomach, but she pushed through the pain and continued.

As she made her way toward the cover of the forest, she heard voices in the distance and quickly changed direction, trying to stay out of sight.

She felt like she had been walking for hours when she finally made it to the forest. Nicole knew that she wasn't safe yet, but the cover of the trees provided some comfort. As she entered the trees, she felt a glimmer of hope. She might be able to escape.

Her wolf, however, felt different. It was weaker and more submissive than before. It was so far away that she couldn't reach it. She collapsed against a tree, breathing heavily, trying to regain her strength.

Nicole hated herself for everything that was happening to her. She believed that her life was going

to be better in Dark Moon and that she was never returning to Crimson. Yet, here she was, beaten

and broken, back in Crimson and at the mercy of her torturers.

She was lost in her thoughts when she heard a twig snap. Her heart leapt into her throat as she turned to see a squirrel. Feeling uneasy, she stumbled deeper into the cover of the forest, trying to

find a place to hide.

Just as she thought she was safe, Shane appeared out of nowhere, grabbing her by the hair and throwing her to the ground. Nicole's heart raced as she looked up at him, fear gripping her.

"Look who we have here," he sneered. "You really think you can get away from me, little Wolf?"

Before she could react, he hopped on her, his fists connecting with her already bruised and battered body.

Nicole was in so much pain that she became derisive. She spat in his face, her anger and hatred boiling over. "You can't break me," she hissed.

Shane cackled, "You're nothing without me. You're mine, and you'll always be mine. You thought you could escape from me, Nicole? This is where you belong. Forever." He mocked as he continued to beat her.

Nicole tried to fight back, but she was too weak from the torture and the drugs they had been injecting her with.

Shane laughed, his eyes glinting with amusement. "I wonder what he has been giving you. What has he told you? That you're strong? That you are better than a useless slave? You're nothing but a weak little bitch. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise now."

Nicole gritted her teeth, trying to summon her strength. "I'll never submit to you," she growled. Shane leaned down, his face inches from hers. "You will, one way or another," he said softly.

Nicole's heart raced as Shane's hands closed around her throat. She gasped for air, her vision got blurry. She knew she had to find a way to escape, but she felt so weak. The pain was too much and she could feel herself slipping away.

As she started to lose consciousness, Shane leaned in closer, his breath hot against her ear. "You'll never escape from my clutches, Nicole. I'll always find you, no matter where you go."

And with those words, darkness overtook her once again.

Nicole's torment was unending. They had used every possible way to break her wolf's strength until they finally succeeded. Her spirit was broken, and her wolf went dormant.

Shane was ecstatic at the sight of Nicole's defeated state. He mocked her with his Luna, taunting

her with the fact that she was powerless against him. "You're nothing, Nicole. Your wolf is weak and you're no match for me," he sneered.

Nicole's body shook as she lay on the cold, hard ground. She was exhausted, physically and mentally. Her mind was a blur and she couldn't process anything properly. She felt as if she were in a daze.

Shane and his Luna left her there, alone in the dark, damp cell. Nicole's mind drifted off and she fell into a restless sleep.

Nicole remained imprisoned in the cell. The only time she saw anyone was when they came to torture her. The rest of the time, she was left alone with her thoughts.

As the days went by, Nicole became weaker and weaker. She was malnourished and her body was covered in bruises and scars because she stopped healing. She was barely recognizable.

"You know, Nicole," Shane taunted, his voice dripping with malice. "I never wanted to do this to you. You could have been mine, and we could have ruled together."

Nicole looked at him, her eyes lifeless. She had no energy left to fight him or his taunts. "What do you want from me?" she asked, her voice barely above a whisper.

"I want you to suffer, Nicole. I want you to feel the pain that I felt when you rejected me. You will stay here until you die and no one will come to your rescue. You're nothing, just a weak, pathetic Omega," Shane spat.

Nicole closed her eyes, tears streaming down her face. She had given up all hope of ever escaping. He was lying; he was the one who sold her off. His betrayal still hurt her because she believed that he was her mate. She was losing hope, feeling that she would die here, alone and forgotten.

Shane seemed to read her mind because he grinned and whispered, "Not yet, you're not dying yet. Not until I've had you one last time."

Nicole recoiled at his words.

"I've missed you, you know. After you left, no one could satisfy my appetite. So it's only right that I get you now. You are mine. I wonder what Liam would think when you died. To be fair, he wouldn't care, no one would."

He grabbed her and lifted her trembling body.

"Please," she begged, her lips trembling.

"I love it when you beg," he groaned, his eyes fluttering in pleasure.

Nicole wanted to scream but couldn't. There was no energy left in her. Yet, she would die before

she allowed Shane to touch her again. She tried to muster up the strength, but nothing helped because he desecrated her right there and was filled with pleasure.

Nicole wanted to die. She chose death, each time he returned. Her body began to listen. It was slowly shutting down. She was barely conscious and her breathing was shallow. She knew that the end was near.

As she lay there, waiting for death to claim her, she heard a voice. It was faint at first, but it grew louder and louder until she recognized it.

It was Liam's voice.

"Nicole, where are you? Can you hear me?"

Nicole's eyes opened and she tried to speak, but her voice failed her. Liam's voice grew louder still and she could hear the urgency in his tone.

"Nicole, please answer me. I need you to hang on. I'm coming for you," Liam said.

Nicole's heart swelled with hope. Liam was coming for her. And for the first time in days, she felt a flicker of life within her. Then she remembered what Shane had done to her. No. It was better she ended it. She didn't want to be rescued, she didn't deserve it.

It wasn't as if Liam was any better than Shane. They were cut from the same cloth; beasts, monstrous and heartless Alphas.

Liam's faint voice came to her,

"Hey, Nicole. Come to me... I've got you."

It was confusing because she was awake...

"Come on. Please open your eyes. Please wake up."

He begged.

Nicole opened an eye but she couldn't see him. She managed to turn her head but he wasn't close by. So why was he begging her to wake up?

"Get her here!" She heard Maya's firm voice.

"What's wrong with her?" She heard Liam growl.

"She's in an induced sleep. She's been unconscious all this time. Asleep for weeks. We need to give her nutrients. Her body is shutting down, it's exhausted and dying! Get the doctor,"

"Liam, let go. You cannot follow them there. The doctor will look at her," She heard James' voice.

Wait what? But she was awake and in Crimson.

Nicole was confused. She was in a dungeon in Crimson.

"Where did you find her?" James asked,

"We have traitors in the Dark Moon. She never left the pack grounds. I found her tied up and unconscious in some abandoned houses."

"They injected her with enough wolfsbane and wolf lichen (Wolfsflechte) to kill 10 warriors. But the mixture caused another effect on her. She should have died but for some reason, she didn't..." someone said...

Nicole began to feel sleepy and soon she slept off.
With one thought
It was a dream?

[Previous](#)